

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 60

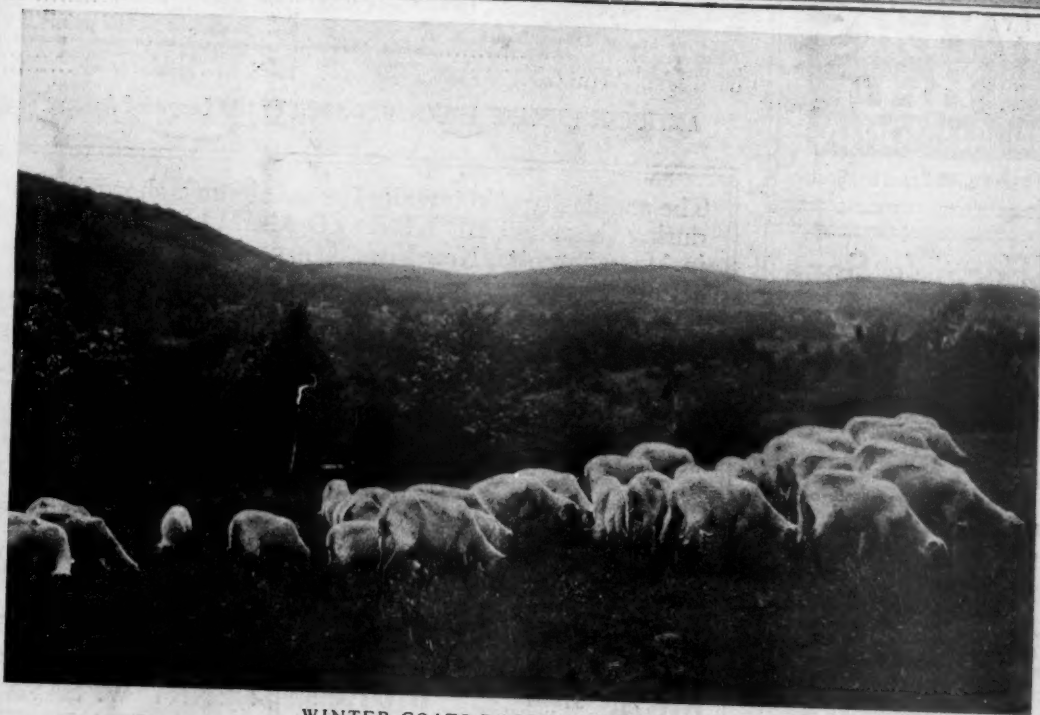
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MAY, 1927

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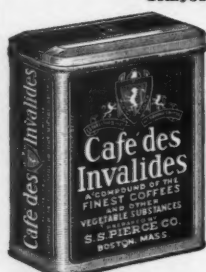
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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The popularity of this really Humane Film is shown by the demand during the recent BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK for showings in Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin, and other sections of the country. A print of it was received recently by the Society in Bergen, Norway, where it is to be translated into Norwegian and widely exhibited. If your Society or your local picture house has not yet shown it, you are missing an opportunity to spread its helpful lesson of justice to the oppressed. Text of the story mailed free to any address. Terms for rental and sale (non-inflammable stock, if required), on application.

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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May, 1927

No. 5

EDUCATE, educate, educate," has been suggested as the slogan for all lovers of animals.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S letter to us endorsing Be Kind to Animals Week we find printed in the Royal S. P. C. A. Journal of Australia. His influence in this direction seems pretty nearly world-wide.

M. POINCARÉ recently, in addressing a society of French farmers, said that the good the sparrow did in the springtime far outweighed whatever harm it might do in later months of the year.

WE can see no hope for lessening materially the sufferings connected with the transportation of our food animals except by the establishment of great abattoirs near the centers where cattle, sheep, and swine are bred for the market.

THE extraordinary achievements in winning prizes in athletic contests in England by athletes who had been trained on a vegetable diet is a striking comment on the vitality and endurance of those who insist that meat is not a necessity if one would keep well and strong.

MORE than 4,000 children have been enrolled to date in the schools of Halifax, Nova Scotia, as members of the Junior Humane League. The Halifax S. P. C. A., under the leadership of Mr. Murray, assisted by Mrs. H. Gillespie, the organizer, is carrying on this excellent work. A fine suggestion for other similar organizations.

NO one can question the statement that the flesh of animals killed without having to be subjected to the sufferings necessitated by hundreds of miles of transportation, involving excitement, fear, hunger, and thirst, is a far safer article of food than that from animals taken from long journeys by rail and then almost immediately slaughtered. How little we know of the experiences through which the creatures have passed whose flesh at last reaches our tables!

## TWO SCIENTISTS SPEAK

THOSE who have read that fascinating autobiography by Professor Michael Pupin, "From Immigrant to Inventor," will not be surprised to learn that he has raised his voice against the tendency of many professionally scientific men to see nothing beyond the limits of the material things with which they have to deal. He warns them against the perils of a materialism that blinds them to a world of truth and light behind the tangible and the visible. Another leading scientist, Professor Stoughton, of Lehigh, in his address before the Chapter Sigma XI at Yale, gives utterance to the same evident peril. These thoroughgoing materialists he characterizes as "neuters." "They produce nothing," he says, "originate nothing, and discover nothing. They deny everything that is beyond the range of their field of physical vision until after it has been accepted by recognized science. They become so involved in the material realm that they can see nothing beyond it."

Understand, of course, we must, that these strong words are addressed, as one has said, less to scientists than to pseudo-scientists, those who, with only a half-knowledge of the great principles of science, pose as authorities.

An editorial calling attention to these two utterances wisely says:

"A vast number of every day things have thus far resisted wholly the test tube and microscope. Things of the spirit, of the mind, of the heart. A scientist can tell us what and why a rainbow is, but he cannot explain why the contemplation of it fills us with a joyous sense of beauty. No satisfactory materialistic explanation has ever been given of those emotions which we call idealism, unselfishness, spirituality, hunger of the soul for religion—no explanation, at least, that has been satisfactory to those persons possessing those emotions in a high degree.

"Materialism, as Professor Stoughton remarks, is the enemy of reverence, yet 'reverence' is closely linked with science, first, because it has been the star which has led our great scientists to the birth of truth, and, second, because the nearer we come to knowledge of the truths of science, the more abundantly does reverence grow within us."

## ADVERTISING THE BULL-FIGHT

A MANUFACTURER of cigars in Holland made a cigar which he called the "Torero," and prepared a very flaming bit of advertising to introduce it. The Parliament, however, holding that the bull-fight was unlawful in that country, demanded the immediate withdrawal of his advertisement and the sale of his cigar under that name.

IN the Canton of Tessin, Switzerland, it is a violation of the law even to throw a stone at a dog or other animal.

ONE of the best things our readers could do to advance the humane cause would be to secure a new subscriber or two to this magazine.

HOW many of the humane people in the United States calling themselves lovers of animals are supporting-members of any humane society?

OUTSIDE of the areas where now the Federal Government is to undertake the feeding of the elk, there are thousands of these fine animals dying annually of starvation.

BE Kind to Animals Week this year in France will be observed from June 12 to 20. Efforts are being made to secure the observance of the Week over the entire country.

HAVE you ever asked your meat market man if he knows how the animals whose flesh he sells you have been killed, humanely or otherwise? He might be interested in finding out.

THE struggle to meet competition and so save economic loss is often more responsible for the cruel treatment of animals destroyed for food than intentional or wilful inhumanity.

THE characters of a people, their vices or their virtues, are absolutely dependent upon the teachers charged with the education of their youth.

LEIBNITZ

## FAIRER TREATMENT FAVORED FOR ANIMALS

AMUSEMENT INDUSTRIES THAT CAPITALIZE CRUELTY MUST YIELD TO PUBLIC SENTIMENT

MORE than five hundred people are living off the earnings of trained animals in the film center of Hollywood. Dogs head the list of these supporters.

SOUTH CAROLINA is the first state in the civilized world to outlaw the steel trap. Her legislature and chief executive deserve the congratulations and thanks of all humanitarians. The late Henry F. Lewith of Charleston, father of a "Kindness to Animals" week and ardent promoter of humane education, did much also in paving the way for this humane legislation.

IN no other way does man show such complete indifference to the feelings of his victims as he does in the fur trade. Fur-bearing animals, many of them, are intelligent enough to require the exercise by man of his highest cunning and perfidy to effect their capture. Yet, in addition to death, they are compelled to undergo sufferings so inhuman as to be utterly unjustified, even though the proceeds of these sacrifices were masses of living gold, instead of a skin. J. HOWARD MOORE

## POISONED FURS

THE American Medical Association announces that poisoning due to the wearing of dyed furs is more common than is generally known. Paraphenylenediamine is the harmful agent. It is liable to produce an inflammation of the skin, sometimes violent dermatitis. The use of this dye is prohibited in France, Germany and Austria, we are told, but furs treated with it find ready purchasers in the United States.

## RODEO OPPOSED

NEW YORKERS have not taken kindly to the rodeo. . . . By long training the easterner is an opponent of cruelty to brutes. He regards himself as a friend and protector of animals, and the idea of abusing steers and horses for the pleasure of a throng is repulsive. The rodeo is, of course, defended by these showmen who find it profitable. They assert that no pain is suffered by the animals, though they do not explain how they know. They claim that the handling of steers and horses in the rodeo manner is necessary on the western ranches. However this may be, no connection can be seen between necessary ranch practices and an exhibition for money. It is necessary to slaughter animals in the packing houses, but nobody thinks of making a show of it. It would be better for everybody if the rodeo were abandoned.

—South Bend (Ind.) Tribune

THE Jack London Club is a humane society in which membership is free to all. Nearly 400,000 persons have united with it. Anyone may become a member by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and so notifying *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

## AN ILLUSION

GARLAND D. FRONABARGER

STORY books, with their gay and exaggerated illustrations, gladdened my childhood. Ferocious animals, which seemed to glare at me from out the pages, thrilled me with a sort of awed reverence as I would sit for hours and gaze at them. Then, like the famous lion hunter in Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse," I would grab my pop-gun and creep out of doors and along the hedge in search of my imaginary quarry.

Later I longed to go to the city and visit the zoo, yearning for a glimpse of these glossy-coated nature folk, who lived so happily in their wild retreat.

While I was attending an educational meeting in St. Louis last year I availed myself of that opportunity. If I expected to see Bruin feeding contentedly upon juicy roots he had dug from the earth in Forest Park, I was disappointed. Instead, a great gaunt creature paced to and fro around an iron inclosure, securely imbedded in the concrete floor of his stuffy prison. Sunken, glassy eyes substituted the bright orbs with which he had been endowed by mother nature within the protection of the forest's fastness.

Disappointed, I wandered off in search of something more inspiring. When I came upon the Bear Pits, excavations rudely made to resemble nature along a mountain stream, and fenced about by high walls of rock and more cement and divided into rooms for the different species, there was little to correct my youthful illusion. But, here at least, there was fresh running water in a channel on one side of the pits, and two bears in each pit, privileges which the first member of the genus *Ursus* had been denied. As they stood on their rear legs and beckoned with a fore paw to the curious visitors, who fed them tid-bits, there was something in their gestures which conveyed to me a feeling that their prime desire was for more than dainties.

And if I expected to see other wild animals enjoying other phases of wild life, the mountain sheep standing guard on a lofty promontory while his herd grazed below, I was again disappointed. Naturally, I did not expect all to be a transcript of nature, but I suffered under impressions left by well-meaning illustrators. There would be some degree of contentment, I thought, on the part of the animals here as I had seen it portrayed in pictures. Instead, the mountain sheep kept a silent vigil in one corner of his wire pen, his gaze shifting neither to the left nor right, but fixed on that distant and unseen wildwood, which all wild animals know as home.

After I had visited these artificial abodes of our wild creatures and had boarded an up-town car, I experienced a peculiar feeling that I could not dispel and which held my attention with this question: "What is the value of imposing captivity upon animals if it mocks the very essence of the freedom of nature?" It often requires some time to formulate an excuse for locking up the human animal, whose depredations on society are far worse than any crime our forest folk can commit, yet for no reason at all we will subject any member of the latter to life imprisonment.



CHAFING UNDER RESTRAINT AND CONFINEMENT AT THE CALL OF SPRING

Now I know that environment plays its part in life, whether with man or the lower animals, for it is plainly visible in the haggard appearances of the unhappy inmates of the zoo.

## THE SORROWS OF THE ZOO

HOW many of the visitors to the various places where animals are kept in captivity know of the sad experience through which many of these poor creatures pass? *The Animals' Friend* quotes from the *London Daily News* a story which might well be entitled *The Tragedy of the Captives*. This is the story:

The Zoo's sacred baboon from Abyssinia, whose baby died last week, and who for several days carried its body in her arms wherever she went on Monkey Hill, has been persuaded at last to give it up.

But having solved this awkward problem, the keepers now find themselves faced with another problem, identical in character. The other baboon baby, which seemed so healthy, was found to be dead, and its mother is carrying it about in just the same way.

The first baby was recovered by a nurse. Three keepers went on to Monkey Hill and got the mother shut inside the den with other baboons. One by one the others were driven out till the mother and her mate remained. The mother and her mate were then suddenly startled, and she dropped the baby. A keeper snatched it up, and though the mother made four rushes to get it back, the keepers got out of the inclosure before serious trouble began.

On Thursday there was a great commotion among the seventy baboons several times during the day, and the second mother was seen still carrying her baby, but its little black and pink body lay limp on her arm—dead.



## THE BIRD BATH

CLARE MACDERMOTT

A CHIRP, a flutter, and a rush,  
A scramble in the underbrush—

A peep, a twitter and a squawk—  
A noisy jay's impatient talk;

A flash of gaudy blue and white,  
Two shining wings that catch the light;

A cardinal's bright scarlet crest,  
Against dull brown of sparrow's breast;

A poise—a preen upon the brink,  
A sudden dip—a dainty drink;

A lifting of small beaks that sting  
The crystal drops on back and wing;

Quick beady eyes that upward gaze,  
One brief, glad space of thanks and praise—

A trill—a bright cadenza gay,  
Then to blue skies—away! away!

## THE BUSINESS OF BEING A DOG

DAVID LEE WHARTON

THE life of a dog, even the most fortunate, is not all downy pillows and juicy bones. The life of every dog is filled with responsibilities which he realizes to the utmost, but never shirks, even though the path of duty leads to the grave. And when a dog dies, he takes with him that which humans seldom bear away—his best.

Nevertheless, life holds for him many compensations, chief of these being the affection and companionship of his human friends, his moments of frolic. Every dog has a sense of humor, frequently developed to a remarkable degree. He likes a joke as well as any one, and how well he knows when the joke is on himself, and how good humoredly he accepts it!

Many persons seem unable to realize that a dog has any business on earth except as guardian of life and property, and playmate for children. To be sure, he fulfills these duties perfectly, but the role in which the dog shines with a lustre which time cannot tarnish, nor custom dim, is that of friend, prince of comrades!

Of a dog's many duties and privileges, not the least important, by any means, is that of confidant. No man bares his soul to a human as to his dog. It is the dog who hears the cry of the broken heart. It is the dog who crouches in mute sympathy as one pours out the bitterness of his soul in prayer to his Maker. It is the dog who sees the tear-stained face with its mask of pride and indifference cast aside. It is the dog who sees the pockets turned outward. It is the dog who truly keeps the vow, albeit unspoken, to "Love, honor and obey, and forsaking all others, cleave to one, and one only, until death."

When a man calls to remembrance the loves of his life, there is one face seen through a mist of tears. With friends, it is the same, there is one friendship more perfect, more enduring. And so with our canine friends, no matter how many dogs one has owned and loved, there is one whose memory is greener, thoughts of whom bring always a smile and a sigh.

It may be truthfully said that a dog is a success in any role he essays. He is a thespian of no mean ability. And with what

becoming modesty he wears his laurels! There are instances of dogs having been successfully trained by dishonest masters to become innocent criminals. Countless lives have been saved by the intelligent and courageous St. Bernard. In short, every day, every hour, the dog carries on tirelessly, uncomplainingly, without hope or thought of reward. Man's indebtedness to the dog is too overwhelming to be summed up in dollars and cents. Yet how little it costs to repay him. Food, shelter, kindness, these simple things, constitute his heart's desire. So easy to give, yet so rarely bestowed.

But, after all, the chief business of a dog consists in being just what the Almighty made him—a dog! He would not be less if he could. He could not be more if he would. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and, but for your dog, you weep alone.

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

"Who does that?"

"My horse."

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*



JULIAN AND BEOWULF

THIS striking picture comes to us through one we are honored to number among our friends and helpers, the widely-known author, Margaret Deland. The expression upon the face of the noble dog reveals a sense of responsibility and mental alertness far more human than that seen on the faces of multitudes of men and women entrusted with similar charges. The little boy is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hemenway.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency  
ALVAN T. FULLER  
Governor

## A Proclamation

ONE hundred and three years ago there was organized the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The splendid work of this organization became so widespread that no community is too small for its effective operation. In order to emphasize the need and the worth of humane treatment of dumb animals, the week of April third to ninth is hereby set apart and designated as

## BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

Special attention should be given toward directing children to be considerate of animals at all times. Such teaching is character building and appeals to the finest human instincts. In all the ages dumb animals have rendered laborious service in the workaday world.

In all the schools of the Commonwealth let there be held a Humane Day, in order that the importance of kindness to animals may be brought to the attention of the children.

It is well for us to pause and consider our obligation to our four-footed friends. With gratitude we recall the heroic service and sacrifice of our horses and mules on foreign battlefield. Again we are stirred by the story of Balto and his mates struggling to Nome. Gunnar Kasson, who drove the last relay of the race against time which brought the needed remedies to Nome, described how in the blinding storm, which prevented his seeing even the foremost dogs in his string, he "just gave Balt his head," and the dog did the rest.

One of the really great rulers of the world said some years ago: "No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-first.

ALVAN T. FULLER

By His Excellency the Governor

FREDERIC W. COOK

Secretary of the Commonwealth

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

## BONNY BIRD WITH RESTLESS WING

FRANCES LAUERMAN

BONNY bird with restless wing,  
 Blithesome as the songs you sing,  
 Peerless artist of the air,  
 Laurels won you lightly wear.  
 Suppliant at my door each day  
 For the crumbs I throw your way,  
 Paying me in melody,  
 Drifting in from dooryard tree.  
 Or, echoing from far forest aisle,  
 Where wood nymphs nod your way and smile,  
 As joyfully you flit along  
 Voicing soul in sileer song,  
 Mounting upward to the sky,  
 Racing clouds where rock-a-bye  
 Rain fairies snatched while half asleep  
 Rocking in the restless deep.  
 Or, dreaming in dim mountain pools  
 Where only Mother Nature rules  
 And birds like you come every day  
 To sip and dip and sing and play  
 And never know a thought of fear  
 With only Mother Nature near.

Oh bonny bird with restless wing  
 Who dares destroy so fair a thing!

## THE BIRDS OF ANGEL ISLAND

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

SIX miles from the city of San Francisco, like a large lump of earth thrown up from the depths of the expansive Bay of San Francisco, lies Angel Island, occupied at one end by a military garrison and at the other by the U. S. Immigration Station.

Each morning as the S. S. "Angel Island" arrives from the city with government employees as passengers, attention is always drawn to the numerous birds which make their home on this tranquil bit of land. Sea gulls in countless numbers, scurrying quail, chirping robins, raucous-voiced crows, scintillating humming birds, tiny sparrows, and many other varieties of bird life which the layman is unable to classify, are left unmolested. Together with the few tiny rabbits which also live out there, these feathered creatures are at peace with the world, at peace with mankind, because they are not menaced by the torturing steel-jawed trap of civilization nor the too frequently untrained and unskilled "hunter." The birds of Angel Island are happy.

## BOUQUETS OR BRICKBATS

STAGE Manager: Go forward, man; can't you hear them crying "Author! Author?"  
 Timid Playwright: I—just so. B—but what are their—ah—intentions?

—American Legion Weekly



WATER IS THE FIRST GREAT NEED OF ANIMALS

## Spring Brings the Meadowlark

HARRIETTE WILBUR

WHEN meadowlarks that on their breast  
 Carry the dandelion's crest,  
 Pipe, in the waving grass,"

according to Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, the spring carnival is on. The meadowlark usually arrives some few days later than the song-sparrow, robin and blue-bird. But he begins to sing as soon as he gets his breath. In fact, he merely settles down on some good, slightly perch, cranes his neck, and like an alarm-clock that is correct to the minute, begins "the whir of the meadowlark and his sweet roundelay," as Longfellow calls it.

Soon, "the meadowlarks are singing, a thousand, if there's one," and it's April, and dandelion-time, and everything is tuneful and colorful.

Just what the meadowlark says while piping away so industriously has never been definitely decided. Perhaps he says everything listeners have fancied, and even more. Thoreau heard one perched in an apple-tree singing "seel-yah seel-yah," and then, perhaps, seel-yah-see-e, and several other strains quite sweet and plaintive, with one farther off with notes like ah, tick-seel-yah." But Thoreau's attempts at describing the song are decidedly clumsy. John Burroughs hears the bird sing, "Spring-o'-the-year!" To many he shouts in the sauciest manner: "I-I-I-I see your pet-ticoat!"

"When the medder-lark is wingin'  
 'Round you and the woods is ringin'  
 With the beautifulest singin'  
 That a mortal ever heard,"

is Riley's way of describing the bird's habit of singing as it flies, which should permit it to bear the name "lark" for all it is in no way related to the famous English skylark.

"A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear, is the hardy and ever-welcome meadowlark," is one of John Burroughs' tributes to this popular bird. I have enjoyed many a spring-time railway journey or auto drive all the more because of these birds whistling blithely on a post every rod or so along the way, like musical guide-posts.

"Meadow" is another fit term, since the bird bears on its back the brown and lighter streaks of sod and grass in shade and sun. On its breast is the bright hue of the yellow spring flowers. There is a yellow stripe over the eye and one on the crown, and the male wears a crescent-shaped necklace of rich jet black over his bright yellow vest front. Some medal won in a singing contest long ago, perhaps, and ever since proudly handed down from father to son. As Burroughs declares:

"Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its coat of mottled gray is in perfect keeping with the stubble amid which it walks."

The outer tail feathers are white. When the bird flies away it seems to be signaling some mate to follow. Its manner of flight is rather peculiar. It starts off in a sideways direction, and sails and flaps by turns, much like a quail. It acts uneasy on the wing, and its swift but stiff, burrowing flight soon comes to an end on the first safe perch.

Not that the meadowlark is a timid bird. When he gets lost in song, head lifted high, he forgets danger in the great desire to make his bugle-horn heard afar. Too, he has the pretty, sociable habit of following a vehicle along the road, flying in advance, then perching to sing until his wheeled companion catches up.

The meadowlark is a most valuable bird, aside from his musical powers. He is an insect eater almost entirely, during the insect season. He helps rid the farmer of such pests as cutworms, armyworms, beetles of all sorts, grasshoppers, caterpillars, moths, and millers. When later in the season he perches on the shocks and sings at the top of his voice, he is celebrating his victory. Like the farmer, he has a right to stand there, arms akimbo, rejoicing over the successful issue of the season's planting.

The mother's colorings of brown and gray make her blend into the shadows of the field floor, and to find her nest when she is on it is a triumph in eyesight. When she has time, the builder often burrows her nest into a tuft of grass or grain, making it a sort of igloo with a covered hallway of some length.

The young are blind the first few days of existence. Both then and for some time thereafter, they will fluff their feathers and hiss when frightened, crouching down on the ground and drawing themselves together so that they resemble small turtles, or big toads. Their gray-brown down adds to the resemblance.

Learn to know the meadowlark. Not by trying to find its nest in order to make a collection of eggs, or collection of anything except pleasant, interesting pictures of it in your mind. Watch the bird at its various occupations. For example, in early spring, if you catch one going over a patch of ground, bill to earth, as if making inquiries of the seeds below, follow him. You will find that he is boring for grubs. His path will be marked by small holes in the ground, as though made by a slender stick.

Listen to his song. Put words to it. Watch him in flight, as he goes about his nesting cares. Follow him with your eye as he leaps into the air and goes singing on his way, just for the pure happiness of being alive and able to rejoice with wings and voice. You will find your mind and heart uplifted, too, as was Paul H. Hayne's when he sang:

"And the field-lark see upspringing  
 In his happy flight afar,  
 Like a tiny winged star."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



## I Meet a Wood Thrush or Two

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

I WAS on a nest-hunting trip the twenty-fifth day of May, last spring, near a small stream a mile or so to the southeast. The first nest I found was that of a red-winged blackbird. It had been built in a lilac bush that stood in an old deserted farmyard. The yard bordered the stream, hence the bush was suitably located for the nests of water-loving birds. A few moments later I came face to face with a wood thrush that with a "pip, pip" of alarm turned and flew off. I heard the lovely "a-e-o-lee" notes of the male coming from a thicket up the river. I began looking for the nest, which I was sure was near me. Soon I saw it in a box-elder. The nest was a typical wood thrush's nest, bowl-shaped, being made of weeds, reeds, mud and grass. It was about four feet from the ground. I took a look within the nest and found that it held three thrush's eggs and a cowbird's egg—three pretty greenish-blue eggs and a white speckled one.

I tried to secure pictures of one or both of the owners of this nest, a few days later. But though I worked long and faithfully, trying two or three devices, I failed to get a single worth-while picture. Later, when making my way through the thicket to the north of the stream, bound for a cardinal's nest, I met two or three boys, armed with air-guns and 22-rifles, that were shooting at every bird and animal coming their way. Since the wood thrush's nest was on the south shore, I did not fear for its safety. But upon visiting the place a day or two later, I found my nest had been destroyed. My disappointment was keen, since I had hopes of securing some good pictures of these pretty and useful birds.

June the second again found me on a nest-hunting trip. That day, I visited the wooded slopes of Sugar Bowl, a splendid cone-shaped hill a mile to the east. On my way to the hill I passed a high sandy bank where I once found a swallow's nest. That was about two years ago. Part of the bank had caved away just previous to the incident, leaving the nest in plain sight. I saw a bird on the nest and picked it up, thinking it a youngster. Imag-

ine my surprise when I found that the bird was sitting on a number of pure-white eggs. Then the truth dawned on me. The bird I held in my hand was an adult bank swallow. I opened my hand, when with a joyous twitter or two the bird flew off. On this trip, too, the bank swallow's nest held something of interest, for in it I found four young deer mice.

The very first nest I found on Sugar Bowl was that of a wood thrush, near the top of a crooked little elm. The elm stood in a lovely shaded ravine dotted here and there with Jack-in-the-pulpits, trilliums and rue anemones. A little farther on I found a catbird's nest with five eggs. The next nest proved to be that of another pair of wood thrushes. It had been built in a white birch, less than four feet from the ground. Later, on the other side of the hill, I found two more nests of wood thrushes, making four such nests in all for the day. Needless to say, I was well satisfied with my day's work. There were sitting birds on all the nests, but one of which flew off because of me. All the nests had been partially built of dry brown leaves. Two of the nests were large and bulky and looked as if made wholly of leaves.

The second nest I found that day proved the winner. On June the fourth, I returned to it with my camera and found the mother very tame. I worked my way slowly until I was less than six feet from the nest, then took a picture of her, advanced a little and took another, then another. I next circled the nest, and from another angle took two more pictures before the bird left her nest. But soon she was back on the nest, where she posed for additional pictures. Before I left I had secured a dozen time exposures of her. After the last exposure, she again flew off and I looked within the nest. I found that the nest held a young thrush, just out of the shell, and an unhatched egg. I had arrived for my pictures at hatching time, a critical time, as all birds seem to know. That accounted for the way the pretty bird had braved me and my camera. Under no circumstances must she allow that unhatched egg to become the least

bit cold. It was mother love for an unhatched youngster that kept her on the nest in the face of apparent danger. But the strangest



WOOD THRUSH ON NEST

"This pretty bird braved me and my camera because of a cowbird's egg on which she was sitting"

thing of all was that the unhatched egg was not that of a wood thrush. It was a white egg which was rather profusely marked with darker shades of color—the egg of a cowbird.

## THE STARLING

HENRY CHAS. SUTER

THE starling is a passerine bird, generally distributed throughout temperate Europe. It destroys vast numbers of the larvae of the crane-fly, as well as of other insects; but it attacks cultivated fruit, sometimes causing great destruction in orchards, usually on account of its large numbers. It also eats the eggs and even the young of other birds. The diet further includes worms, slugs, and snails, wild berries and even small mammals.

The nests are usually constructed in holes in walls or buildings, or in banks and cliffs, as well as in trees. To a considerable extent these birds roost in companies, and assemble in large flocks in the evening. The starling has considerable power of song, but much more striking is the habit of imitating the note of other birds, or even mere noises that they happen to hear, and the blackbird is frequently mimicked, possibly because it lives mostly in fear of this bird.

The male in summer usually has the plumage black, shot with brilliant metallic reflections. After the autumn moult it is spotted with buff above and white below. In southern Europe the common starling of England is replaced by the black starling. To the starlings in the wide sense (family *Sturnidae*) belong a large number of beautiful birds, *i. e.*, the pastor, myna, and the grackle. The last-named belongs to the tree-starlings. Of the tree starlings, the glossy starlings of Africa have a beautiful plumage, displaying shades of bluish-green, purple, and violet, relieved by golden bronze.

Starlings are to be found in India and Africa, but there are no American species, or at least none so plentiful as to be prominent.



NEST OF WOOD THRUSH CONTAINING THREE THRUSH'S EGGS AND A COWBIRD'S EGG

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### WERE THEY BORN FOR THIS?

LAST year there were imported into this country the skins of 109,688,652 fur-bearing animals. Of this number there were 15,875,353 squirrels, 4,954,947 hares, 3,495,791 moles, 1,758,950 muskrats, 1,279,371 foxes exclusive of the silver or black, 738,337 mink, 500,000 beaver, martin, and nutria. Nearly 110,000,000 skins imported! How many more million of these unfortunate creatures trapped or shot here in our own land we cannot learn. Who shall measure the volume of pain and torment wrung from these sad victims of pride and vanity during the year 1926?

### A WISE THOUGH ANCIENT LAW

THE French humane magazine, "*La Protection des Animaux*," tells us this story of the working of an old English law relative to the dog:

A beautiful black spaniel was brought into a London court some time ago led by an old carter to whom the dog had come, having evidently left some well-to-do owner. Finding the name upon the collar, the old man returned him. But, evidently having found in the poor man what he missed of affection in his real master, he came back. The carter tried to send him home, actually driving him from his doorstep. Morning, however, after morning the dog returned. Then the owner accused the old man of stealing him. Brought into court the dog ran quickly to the accused, showing every mark of affection. Here is the remarkable thing about the story—we translate literally: "But the just Judge was not ignorant that 'an ancient law said that, if a dog attached himself to a man of his own free will and stayed with him, the man is not held legally to notify the real owner.' In consequence, Salter, the carter, was acquitted and departed triumphantly, followed by the beautiful spaniel with the affectionate heart; to the complainant there was awarded only the collar."

ONE of the most interesting of modern studies is the presence of mind in animals. With the growth in the recognition of mind in animals, there has naturally come the more considerate treatment of them. The recognition of animal sensibility to pain has at length become a civilizing force in the life of man. Brutal must he be who ignores this kinship between his dog and the members of his own household.

THE REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, D. D.

### THE SLAUGHTER OF THE SEALS

THE killing of 60,000 seals, announced recently, led a correspondent of *The Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily*, of Hamilton, Bermuda, to call attention to a letter from Dr. Gordon Stables, of the Royal Navy. We deem it well worth reading.

"Take this one day's sealing as an example:—The ice was strewn thickly with baby seals, and not even a lamb itself is more lovely or innocent looking than one of these. . . . Barring the wee black nose and the jet black tender loving eyes, there is hardly another feature distinguishable, so well has Nature wrapped them up against the cold. They never attempt to move off. . . . One blow from the sharp end of the club and the skinning takes place immediately. . . . Oftentimes the baby is only partially stunned, and when flayed may be seen to roll in agony on the snow.

"On this particular day I frequently saw the gunners trample on a baby seal to bring up the poor mother who heard it cry. She was then ruthlessly killed. Could anything be more brutal or less humane?"

This will be interesting reading for any really humane women still wearing the fur of these unfortunate animals.

### GOOD WORK IN FRANCE

THE Mayor of Dijon has recently issued orders that dealers in calves and sheep shall no longer be allowed to tie their legs for transportation in vehicles of any kind or load them by putting one on top of another, neither shall they unload them by dropping them from any vehicle, but shall rather have a movable platform by which they can be safely lowered to the ground. Neither shall the club be used to kill them, nor shall their throats be cut before they have been painlessly and instantly rendered unconscious by a bullet or some accepted humane killer. Slowly the humane destruction of our food animals is taking the place of the age-old and cruel methods.

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of . . . dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

### "THE LION'S ELEGY"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Royal S. P. C. A. Journal* of Australia sent the following with the above title to the editor of that excellent magazine:

Watching, with others, the lion at the Zoo lately, the following lines came to my mind, and seemed appropriate:—

*Why do you stand and idly gaze at me,*

*You careless crowd:*

*Here I am 'prisoned'—yes, but were I free*

*Who else so proud?*

*What is this narrow cell to one whose kind*

*Were always kings?*

*It is not life, but only death in life,*

*Which each day brings.*

*Between your race and mine there's nought akin.*

*Nearer to me*

*The violence of the wave which frets its bounds*

*Incessantly.*

*I have the jungle in my heart—and since*

*You cannot take*

*Its load of savage loneliness away—*

*Leave it to break.*

### OUR LYNCHING RECORD FOR 1926

THIRTY-FOUR citizens of our glorious country—the land of the brave and the free—lynched during 1926. Shot, 19; hanged, 7; hanged and shot, 3; burned, 2; manner of deaths unknown, 3. Taken from police officers and jails by mobs, 18. Of thirty-four thus murdered, 28 were colored. We have millions and millions to spend to enforce some laws; how much is being spent to guarantee to our own citizens within our borders the rights that are theirs under the constitution?

### WHAT IS OUR SUPREME INTEREST?

IN what are our two Societies most interested? There is only one answer. It is Humane Education. Important as it is to investigate complaints of cruelty to animals, to warn or prosecute violators of the law, to treat thousands of sick and injured animals, the greater part of this is the attempt to deal with evils that never ought to have happened, and never would have happened, if men had been wide awake enough educationally to make them impossible.

Of course, when we talk about humane education, the majority of people think it means nothing more than, for the sake of the animals, teaching the young especially to be kind to them. It does mean this, but it means vastly more. It cannot be said too often that, whatever societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have done for animals, they have done a great deal more for humanity itself. Mercy—who does not remember the words?—is twice blessed, it blesses him who gives and him who takes. To do justice and to love mercy, so are we made, makes justice and mercy ever more beautiful and attractive. The opposite is true. The child growing to manhood cruel and indifferent to suffering becomes a peril socially, industrially, and politically to the state.

If reports are to be trusted, thousands of pet cats out of the homes of Russia are being stolen to meet the demand of manufacturers of cheap clothing. Ten cents a skin is the price paid. How are these poor creatures killed and flayed? Heaven only knows. What of children and other members of the family deprived of their pets? Our protest amounts to nothing, but we make it nevertheless.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor  
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	9,202
Cases investigated.	589
Animals examined.	2,837
Number of prosecutions.	28
Number of convictions.	24
Horses taken from work.	96
Horses humanely put to sleep.	72
Small animals humanely put to sleep.	865
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals inspected.	39,481
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.	101

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Susan H. Kempton of New Bedford, M. C. C. Wilson of Cambridge, and Alice F. Elson of Boston.

April 12, 1927.

#### WATCH-DOG GIVEN MEDAL

**PATRICIA**, a vigilant watch-dog at Commercial Wharf, Boston, whose intelligent barks were instrumental in saving a man from drowning in March, was given a medal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for her prowess. An officer of the Society called on "Pat," as she is more familiarly known, and attached the badge to her collar. It bore the name and seal of the Society and the inscription: "To Pat, for Saving Human Life."

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

#### Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.  
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.  
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

#### THE "WEEK" IN MASSACHUSETTS Be Kind to Animals Celebration Centers in School Activities

THE fourteenth annual observance of Be Kind to Animals Week took place throughout the entire country during the week of April 4 to 9, with Humane Sunday, April 3. This event has become so well established now that practically every humane society takes official cognizance of it. In Massachusetts the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals led in sponsoring the various features, including the distribution of lantern slides for theaters and large, colored posters bearing the legend, "This is National Be Kind to Animals Week." Governor Fuller issued an excellent Proclamation, which was printed in all the state newspapers, and may be read on another page of this issue.

President Rowley gave an address Thursday before the senior class of the High School of Commerce, Boston, which was enthusiastically received. Secretary Richardson presented an illustrated talk at a community meeting in the M. E. Church, Temple Street, Tuesday evening, and a similar one before the students of the Girls' Trade School, Friday. Other Boston addresses were given in elementary schools by Miss Ella A. Maryott, state organizer of Bands of Mercy, who also spoke in schools in Dedham, Milton, Arlington, and other towns. She exhibited the Society's film, "The Bell of Atri," which was shown also at other places during the week.

Superintendent Burke of the Boston public schools issued a communication to each of the masters in the seventy elementary districts of the city, calling upon them to observe Friday, April 8, as Humane Day. Requests for similar observances in all the grammar schools of Massachusetts were made by the S. P. C. A. of the various city and town superintendents, and more than 10,000 copies of the new pamphlet, "Humane Exercises," were sent out for the use of teachers, also five thousand copies of the play, "The Trial of the Birds."

The Society's school poster contest was very successful, hundreds of posters made by children being submitted from all sections of the state. The special medals, awarded for excellence in poster-making, were distributed liberally in every school competing. Through the courtesy of Director Charles Belden of the Boston Public Library, three hundred of the best of these posters were on exhibition at the Library in Copley Square from April 18-25, where they were viewed by thousands of visitors. A more extended account of this exhibition will appear in the next number of *Our Dumb Animals*.



Photo by Morris Ostoff, Boston Advertiser

#### GOVERNOR'S DOG AT HOSPITAL

The children of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts were made happy by the return of their pet St. Bernard "Rex," who underwent treatment at the Angell Animal Hospital. The picture shows Miss Mary Fuller with "Rex."

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	673	Cases	1,818
Dogs	471	Dogs	1,435
Cats	182	Cats	361
Horses	12	Birds	18
Birds	4	Horses	3
Monkeys	2	Rabbit	1
Rabbit	1		
Raccoon	1		
Operations	662		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 63,641			
Free Dispensary cases		104,739	
Total		168,380	

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Convictions in March

Cruel transportation of calf, \$25 fine.  
Using unfit horse, \$15 fine.  
Abandoning cat, case filed.  
Failing to provide food for cat, \$15 fine.  
Non-feeding stock, \$20 fine.  
Driving unfit horse, case filed.  
Beating horse, \$10 fine.  
Non-feeding horse, \$30 fine, jailed for non-payment.  
Non-sheltering stock, \$15 fine.  
Non-sheltering bear, case filed.  
Non-feeding stock, \$10 fine.  
Non-feeding stock, \$20 fine.  
Non-feeding stock, \$15 fine.  
Starving fowl, \$25 fine.  
Overcrowding fowl, case filed.  
Non-sheltering stock, case filed on removing animals.  
Non-feeding stock, put on probation.  
Overcrowding fowl, case filed.  
Overcrowding fowl, case filed.  
Overcrowding fowl, one month's sentence, suspended.

APART from all questions of policy and interest, the observance of mercy and kindness toward dumb animals is rich in pure, indefinable satisfaction. It blesses not only the lower being which is the recipient of it, but doubly him who practises it.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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#### Field Workers of the Society

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Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia  
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

#### Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### MESSAGE CARRIED BY PIGEON

AFTER speaking to 1,400 pupils of the Jason Lee High School, Tacoma, Washington, on the Friday preceding Be Kind to Animals Week, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols witnessed the entire school assembled on the lawn, when three homing pigeons were released. One, at her suggestion, bore this message, to be relayed to Portland, Oregon:—

"April 4th-9th will be known over the world as Be Kind to Animals Week. In behalf of the service the animal kingdom has rendered to humanity, we are sending by this swift winged and faithful representative of their kind a message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Every Living Creature. Animals have rights as well as people."

## Humane Standard-Bearers

### IV. MRS. JENNIE R. NICHOLS

FOR the past fifteen years Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of Tacoma, Washington, has represented the American Humane Education Society in the Northwest. During this period of service she has with unflinching zeal upheld the standard of justice and fair play towards both animal and human kind, and steadily



MRS. JENNIE R. NICHOLS,  
Washington (State)

promoted the highest type of humane ideals and principles.

In carrying on her broad humane program Mrs. Nichols has been pre-eminently active in efforts to abate the cruelties of the commercialized rodeo and Wild West shows. No one has opposed more vigorously those "savage survivals" which are becoming an intolerable menace to civilized communities and a demoralizing influence upon the young. In this campaign she has pursued a firm, consistent and tactful course, commanding, in the main, the respect and co-operation of public officials, leading citizens, educators, civic and welfare committees and organizations. Mrs. Nichols has labored indefatigably to prevent and suppress those features of rodeo known as bronchobusting, bulldogging, etc., which have been done in violation of the law of the state; she has aroused and organized a stronger sentiment against this crudest kind of cruelty, and purposes to accomplish its total elimination. Somewhat recently an influential western daily paper was moved to say: "All over the country is arising opposition to the worst feature of the 'roundup' and the declaration is beginning to be heard that unless these exhibitions be shorn of objectionable features, there is a probability that the law will eventually put a stop to that form of entertainment."

Mrs. Nichols has been prominently identified with the Parent-Teacher Association. First, as president of the Idaho State Branch of the National Congress, she established a department in the interest of child welfare and laid out a program of far-reaching possibilities. Later, upon taking up her residence in Washington, she was made chairman of a committee to carry out a similar plan and program in that

state, a position which she has held for eight successive years, with honor to the state and association and advantage to the children.

The state programs were the foundation for a new and far-reaching movement in the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Placing education for character building before the homes and schools of the nation appealed to Mrs. Nichols as not only the most effectual plan, but also the most practicable one. As a result of the successful outcome of her work, Mrs. Nichols was sent as a delegate from Washington State Branch to the annual convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers held in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1919, with instructions to place before the national body a memorial requesting that humane education be incorporated as one of the activities of the organization. The plan was eagerly accepted by the National Congress and the work of organizing and conducting a program was placed under the direction of Mrs. Nichols as national chairman, a position she still holds.

By virtue of this office she has come into contact with the homes and schools in the many thousands of school districts and the benefits and importance of humane education for childhood have been laid before the parents and teachers.

That the most psychological time and occasion for the extension of humane education had been availed of is proved by the rapidity with which the work was accepted over the country. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers itself, from the time of organization, watched thirty years go by as it marched under its banner forty-seven states, one district and two territorial branches. But in seven years since the establishment of the Committee of Humane Education in Congress, thirty state branches have instituted corresponding departments with well qualified chairmen directing them.

Mrs. Nichols has been active in many service clubs and welfare activities. She is identified with the Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters and other organizations. In the last ten years she has traveled fifty thousand miles by rail in the interests of the cause she represents, reaching hundreds of thousands of people with her message of good will and humanity.

#### PROCLAMATION IN TACOMA

MAYOR M. G. Tennent of Tacoma, Washington, issued this proclamation:

"In an endeavor to call the attention of a busy people to the needs of the dumb animals which mankind has gathered about him for his profit, pleasure, and safety, the American Humane Education Society has asked that all communities set aside the week beginning April 4 and ending April 9 for observance as national be kind to animals week.

"This is a worthy cause. It behooves man, as supreme in the animal kingdom, to look with kindness upon those members of the kingdom which he has bent to his will and which in many cases set examples of patience, faithfulness and love that even man may be proud to emulate. Therefore I ask that all appropriate means and occasions be employed during the week named to forward the objective of instilling kindness towards animals."



## AN APPEAL

## Humane Education Trust Fund

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by friends for this purpose. This fund of \$1,200 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount, the income from which is either to be loaned or given when and where it will be helpful to those who have served the cause of humane education so faithfully. We shall sacredly hold it in trust for such humane workers.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

## DR. CHARLES SCANLON

IN the passing, March 21 last, of Dr. Charles Scanlon, general secretary of the Board of Temperance and Moral Welfare of the Presbyterian Church, the forces for righteousness in this country have lost one of their strongest advocates. It was Dr. Scanlon who, in the face of bitter opposition from some of his church colleagues, succeeded in having a department of humane education established officially as part of the work of his board. For a season a paid director of humane education was maintained who gave full time to this cause, the first and only instance in the history of the church universal where this has been attempted. As editor of *Moral Welfare*, an official publication of the Presbyterian Church issued at Pittsburgh, Pa., for years Dr. Scanlon devoted one of the monthly issues to the Be Kind to Animals interests. Such was the April number for this year, just coming from the press when Dr. Scanlon laid down his work. He was a forceful writer, an able orator, and held many high offices in temperance and humane organizations, being an honorary vice-president of the American Humane Education Society. He was fifty-seven years of age.

## SAN FRANCISCO'S BIG WEEK

IN San Francisco an elaborate plan was carried out for the observation of the "Week" under the direction of the Children's Pets Exhibit committee of the S. P. C. A. Sunday a flag was raised in Golden Gate Park and mention of Humane Sunday made in the churches; Monday was Humane Day in schools, when the Be Kind to Animals motto was written on blackboards, essays were presented, etc.; Tuesday, demonstration in Golden Gate Park; Wednesday, poster day, with distribution of posters and exhibition of stereopticon slides; Thursday, open house at headquarters and animal hospital of S. P. C. A.; Friday, Boy Scouts Day, with demonstration of handling army pets at the Presidio; and Saturday, Children's Pets Day, with "first aid to animals" competition at headquarters of S. P. C. A. A narrow blue and white ribbon with the words "Be Kind to Animals Week" was placed on the bridles of all police horses, saddle horses, teaming horses, and the donkeys in Golden Gate Park.

HOW "THE WEEK" WAS CELEBRATED  
Brief Mention of Events "Here and There"  
From Early Reports Received

GOVERNOR FISHER of Pennsylvania and Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia issued proclamations urging the people of state and city to join in the exercises of Be Kind to Animals Week. *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, in an editorial, paid a high tribute "to the constant and intelligent work which has been done in this community by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and bespoke its cordial support by all.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, field representative of the American Humane Education Society, 100 Be Kind to Animals cards were placed on street cars in Atlanta, Ga., during the Week. Mayors of four different towns in Georgia issued proclamations. Twenty-one picture houses showed a humane picture and exhibited slides with the Be Kind to Animals motto. Ernest Camp, president of the Georgia Press Association, wrote a letter, heartily endorsing the Week.

In co-operation with the Richland County S. P. C. A., Columbia, S. C., Seymour Carroll, field representative of the American Humane Education Society, sent out 150 letters to newspapers on Be Kind to Animals Week. On Humane Sunday Mr. Carroll was the principal speaker at a largely attended mass meeting in Bennettsville, S. C.

The report of the Hudson County District S. P. C. A. of Jersey City during last year presents a long list of statistics, including the total number of cases investigated (11,548),

and an interesting summary of other activities. This organization, of which Miss J. D. Jaccard is secretary, is one of those which believes in effective publicity and which does not let such occasions as Be Kind to Animals Week pass without taking advantage of the opportunity to interest children in poster contests, ministers in Humane Sunday, and people generally in paying more attention to the claims of animals upon them for protection.

## MANY PUPILS VISIT MASS. S. P. C. A.

ONE of the outstanding features of Be Kind to Animals Week, at the Headquarters of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on Longwood Avenue, was the visit Wednesday afternoon of about 150 pupils from the Brooks School, High Street, West Medford, to the building of the Society. The pupils came by special trolley car, accompanied by Miss Bertha Forster, principal; Miss Maud Patten and Miss Ruth Avery, teachers of the sixth grade; and Mrs. Florence Watkins, teacher of a special class. This was the largest single delegation of visitors to the institution in its history of more than twelve years. So large was the group that it was divided into two sections. While one section was being shown over the Hospital by an attendant, another section was kept interested in the literature, pictures, and other exhibits in the executive offices and adjoining corridors. Every child was given a piece of literature and the button of the Band of Mercy, each having assented to its pledge. The children were enthusiastic about their visit and the teachers expressed their gratitude, saying that the trip had been well worth while, because of the educational opportunities for their pupils.



A CORNER OF THE DOGS' CEMETERY IN BERLIN, GERMANY

ONE of the most remarkable sights in Berlin is the Dogs' Cemetery. The graves of the family pets are kept with loving care. Some of the tombstones are highly attractive and on quite a number are shown photographs of the dogs themselves. This is a favorite spot for visitors who are searching for the quaint and unique.

## THE SKUNK TO CLEAR BRAZIL OF SNAKES

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

THE skunk is that little white and black creature so well known in America that no description seems necessary. While many think of this cunning little animal in terms of fur coat, thief, or smell, a few see him as a great benefactor, not only as a ravenous eater of destructive mice and insects, but of the dreaded rattlesnake.

It is frequently asked how it happens that rattlesnakes multiply no more rapidly and what are their natural enemies. The skunk is the answer. Science knows no other animal immune from rattlesnake poison. Hence, anyone who dreads snakes should hesitate to kill a skunk. As skunks should not be killed for fur, and only rarely for their raids upon hen nests and tiny chicks, the only objection left would be the odor emitted when molested. This may be avoided by not disturbing the skunk while it slowly waddles through field and orchard searching for food.

Brazil has a pest of poisonous snakes. There the snake is a national problem. Each year more than twenty thousand persons are bitten and five thousand die annually of snake bites. While a serum has been discovered to save the people bitten, Brazil has no animal which preys upon the snakes multiplying rapidly in the cultivated areas where man has overturned the balance of nature. No doubt in the jungles there are snake-eating animals, but they do not follow into the cleared regions where the poisonous snakes go to feed upon mice and other creatures upon which snakes thrive. Thus it happens that in Brazil snakes menace the land most desired by man.

The Brazilian scientists have turned to America for relief. They have chosen that little smell maker, the skunk, to help them rid their country of their dangerous snakes and to keep down the creatures upon which the snakes thrive.

For years Brazilian scientists experimented with various animals to find an enemy of the venomous snakes so abundant there. Two birds, the emu and the jaburu, eat snakes as does the wild pig. A pet skunk at a Brazilian snake farm pointed the way. It wandered about at will, frequently receiving snake bites, but whenever it was hungry, it simply picked out a choice rattler, bit off its head, and ate it.

That caused the Brazilians to turn to the skunk for relief.

The knowledge of the use of the skunk should cause one to hesitate when this provoking little creature makes a raid on a hen nest or turns a pet dog into a temporary odoriferous abomination. The offending skunk may have been hunting for a fat rattlesnake in the hen roost, or clearing the mice out of the garden when it was molested by that favorite dog.

## GOLDFISH

THERE are two facts that owners of live goldfish need to know. One is that fish, in general, live where there is plenty of shade and their eyelids are entirely absent. Therefore, when fish are put into transparent globes which admit all the light there is and from all directions at once, fish cannot cover their eyes and cannot find a shady place in which to hide. Small objects, such as water plants, floating pieces of wood, and stones, or "castles" sold by stores, can be put into the bowls to make shadows.

The other is that there is air in the water where fish live in nature. Aerated water is a necessity for life for fish. Water in globes is still and free from air and needs aerating by means of water plants and fresh poured water. The use of a syringe forcing bubbles into the water is still better. Growing water plants are most desirable.

The water must be changed regularly. Fish in still water in globes swim around with gaping mouths, gasping for breath, and may soon actually smother for lack of air.

People who enjoy seeing fish in globes and who allow children to enjoy watching them, will do well to consider the virtue of kindness to animals, even toward goldfish. They may, on second thoughts, decide that the possible injury to children when amused by the sight of live animals in confinement in unnatural conditions, is of even more importance than consideration of fish.

These statements of fact have been verified by one of the highest authorities on fish.

WESTERN PRESS COMMITTEE

APRIL 8, the official Bird Day in New York, fell on Friday of Be Kind to Animals Week, which, in many parts of the country, was observed as Humane Day in schools.



THE SKUNK DESERVES A BETTER REPUTATION THAN IT HAS NOW

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS, Frances E. Clarke, Editor.

In compiling the anthology with this title, Frances E. Clarke has endeared herself not only to lovers of animals, but to lovers of poetry, for this is no book of mere rhyme and verse, but a book of sheer poetry. It is the only anthology of its kind in America—perhaps in the world; certainly no other has been brought more love for animals and poetry together, more appreciation and discernment. It is admirably arranged and illustrated, and in it we find the familiar names of the great—the Brownings, Tennyson, Blake, Byron, Chaucer, Burns, Keats, Swinburne, and Wordsworth—with those equally dear but who must leave to time the testing of their greatness—Galsworthy, Chesterton, de la Mare, Frost, Hardy, Kipling, Markham, and Massfield. Indeed nearly two hundred writers have contributed some bit of beauty and compassion to the making of this book. They are a rare and gracious company, and have given to it of their best. Where else in one single volume shall we find such poignant wistfulness as we have in "Stupidity Street," by Ralph Hodgson, "The Donkey," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, "The Little Red Bullock," by Herbert Tremaine, "Four Little Foxes," by Lew Sarett, and "The Snare," by James Stephens?

Edwin Markham, who would be remembered by all poetry lovers if he had given the world nothing but "The Man With the Hoe," has written the introduction to this anthology, and in it besides are four of his poems about our lesser folk. Even the lizard he has not forgotten and calls his life, charmingly, "a little ripple of surprise" and him "a part of the old cedar's crumpled bark, a mottled scar, a weather-mark." In his closing words he says, "All persons in sympathy with the animal kingdom will wish to do all in their power to make this volume a triumphant force in materializing and perpetuating the gospel of loving kindness." Surely Miss Clarke has magnificently accomplished her work toward this end. Her research into the poetry produced before the middle of the eighteenth century brought only a scanty yield, but from that time the humane interest has steadily deepened until today the worthiest writers among us have some suppliant or tender word to say for that vast realm of animal life that has served and delighted us through the centuries.

The publishers have co-operated with Miss Clarke to make "Poetry's Plea for Animals" beautiful within and without.

426 pp. \$3.00. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

LESSONS FOR TEACHING HUMANE EDUCATION. MUSIC. Frances E. Clarke and Charles W. Pickells, Editors.

This is the fifth of the series of Lessons for Teaching Humane Education for which Miss Clarke of the Maxwell Training School for Teachers, Brooklyn, N. Y., is principally responsible. Here are found more than forty songs graded for use from the kindergarten through the eighth year. The musical settings were written for the lyrics of Arthur Guiterman, Edwin Markham, Edgar Guest, Christina Rossetti, Thomas Hardy, Norman Gale, Louise Driscoll, Frank Dempster Sherman and Philip Henry Savage, especially for this number, by such well-known composers as Beatrice Macgowan Scott, Mary Root Kern, Ernest H. Jackson, Alice Reber Fish and Charles W. Pickells. Composers and authors include other popular names.

69 pp. 35 cents; six or more to schools, 25 cents each. American S. P. C. A., 50 Madison Avenue, New York.

LET the world have peace five hundred years, the aristocracy of blood will have gone, the aristocracy of gold will have come and gone, that of talent will also have come and gone, and the aristocracy of goodness, which is the democracy of man, the government of all, for all, by all, will be the power that is.

THEODORE PARKER

IN hearts too young for enmity  
There lies the way to make men free;  
When children's friendships are world-wide,  
New ages will be glorified.  
Let child love child, and strife will cease,  
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace.

ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN



## "WE KEEP A CAT!"

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

WE keep a cat," we oft remark,  
And thereby dauntlessly embark  
Upon that sea, wide-waved with woe,  
Of statements that are not quite "so,"  
Though strong for Truth, undraped and stark.

'Tis but our small, yet saving, spark  
Of humor that's the doughty ark  
Which floats us, while we bluff, "Yo ho,  
We keep a cat!"

Serene and sweet, sans care or cark,  
From dark to dawn, from dawn to dark,  
Our service she accepts! And oh,  
No "servant problem" irks her—No!  
Wouldst hear a perjured household? Hark—  
"We keep a cat!"

## OWLS, SNAKES, COYOTES

A. M. REINHOLD, M. D.

OWLS are valuable in that they eat vermin—rats, mice, gophers, etc. Yet we find in a Canadian paper that in British Columbia they are trapping and killing owls at the rate of several thousand a year, because these owls will occasionally catch and eat a muskrat, which is being raised for fur trade.

The other day Professor Ross of the Los Angeles city schools was deploring the fact that many wild animals were fast disappearing. He insisted that the owl and coyote are ruthlessly destroyed by farmers under the mistaken belief that they are only chicken killers, the farmers not realizing that these animals are essential factors in keeping rats and other rodents under control. He instanced the corresponding increase of jack-rabbits since the coyotes have been destroyed.

I also note that the fruit and bee raisers around Vancouver are threatening the Government with suit for damages to their industries, in officially killing off the crows—which has resulted in an uncontrollable plague of grasshoppers—the favorite diet of crows. The Government provided a new poison fixed in molasses for the grasshoppers; but the bees ate freely of the molasses, and now many hives are empty and many acres without the necessary pollenization which would have been effected by the bees. Hence the suit for damages against the Canadian Government.

We in this country are facing like disasters. In Arizona the ravages of black beetles have destroyed millions of our reserve timber, yet we killed off the blue jay and woodpecker, who are the natural devourers of the black beetle. Our best insect pest control is that furnished by the birds. Toads, lizards, snakes and frogs also are destroyers of noxious insects. Starlings and blackbirds eat our cutworms, yet the other day a whole countryside of men with guns turned out to shoot hundreds of starlings because they messed up the public buildings! As if they should not rather have built a small collection of homes for the friendly birds in one of the parks. When the cutworms devour next season's crop, maybe these shooters will repent.

Coyotes and snakes have been killed in Kern County for years, thus leaving hordes of mice to breed until they have become a menace to that section of the country. And now our Government has saturated thousands of sacks of good wheat with poison to kill the mice. What is the matter with our intelligence, to say nothing of our humaneness?

## The Capitol Cat Patrol

WALTER RALEIGH

MARY" and "Dirty" are two cats whose regular job is to chase the mice from the halls and walls of the Capitol of the United States. And they do it well.

For sometime there has been no scampering feet during the summer evenings when Congress is adjourned. Nor have old records and the files of Senators been disturbed by the sharp and busy teeth making water-marked paper bearing the spread eagle into tiny bits for baby mice. In fact these two cats are as important as any of the employees in keeping governmental machinery running.

Some years ago there was no Mary. Then from some cat state or territory Mary came as a representative of her kind duly accredited to the Capitol. And she stayed. In fact she established headquarters in the basement office of David Lynn, the superintendent and architect.

Mary unfortunately is not pretty and in fact she is not very careful about her personal appearance. This is doubtless because she has too much to do. She often comes back to her headquarters in a soiled coat of white plus many dark and soiled blotches. But the superintendent doesn't care because Mary stakes and keeps her reputation on her mousing ability and her office is secure as long as she continues to thus excel. In fact, some say that her record is unequalled.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon Mary starts to work. She strolls forth from the basement room where she sleeps. She works strenuously and actively until about five in the morning, but she works alone. She has not even a secretary. When she returns she partakes of a breakfast of liver which is generally prepared for her by Mrs. Ida Hughes, in charge of the cleaning force of the Capitol.

Then there is Dirty.

Dirty is not so modest as Mary. While he goes to work at about the same time and continues as long hours, he brings back his spoils to lay at the feet of G. R. King, the assistant manager of the Senate restaurant.

This may not be because Dirty is any more vainglorious than Mary, but rather because Mr. King first adopted Dirty whom he found looking anxiously toward the Capitol through one of its subways which lead to the Senate office building.

Mr. King remembered that Mary had neglected to guard the potato bins recently, doubtless being busy elsewhere, and so assigned that job to Dirty, and Dirty for a long time was locked up with their specially purchased potatoes every night. In the morning the results are already for Mr. King to check over, tabulate and report upon.

A long time ago an adventurous cat chased a fleeing rat into the Capitol and in its eagerness became jammed in the main ventilator shaft leading into the Supreme Court room. The cat found nothing pleasant about the shaft and protested long and loud. In fact the cat broadcasted its troubles and without regard for the dignity of the Court. The grave justices ordered that the cat be removed and stated judicially that as far as they were concerned no cats were to be allowed to enter their special domains within the Capitol.

But the mice must have heard the decision, for presently a family of them took possession of some valuable records that had been stored

in the basement. These mice brought along, by way of stocking their locker, a great quantity of magnolia pods which they found in abundance upon the Capitol grounds.

When the Supreme Court heard of this they reversed their decision and ordered that Mary, and if need be Dirty, be assigned to their quarters in order that mice and rats be properly subdued. However, they wished it understood that neither Mary nor Dirty be permitted to stray into the ventilator shaft. The Capitol cats were so admonished.

## CAT SAVES FOUR LIVES

THE New York World recently published the following:—

A cat "meowed" so effectively in the home of Mrs. Bessie Beggy, No. 740 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, that she attracted the attention of neighbors, who saved the lives of Mrs. Beggy, her two children, Margaret, four, and George, six, and her grandmother, Mrs. Rachel Harns, seventy-two. They had been overcome by illuminating gas.

## THE DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE

A FEW months ago Prof. William Lyon Phelps was a guest of friends in the city of New York. In the gathering was a stranger who, stranger still, had never heard of our popular fellow-citizen, but had in some mysterious way been unfavorably impressed by what he had heard of New Haven. Upon learning that Professor Phelps was a resident of the town, he remarked:

"Oh, you come from that one-horse town!"

"Yes," replied the ready professor of English literature at Yale, "and I know the man who owns the horse, Dr. William H. Carmalt."

—New Haven Journal-Courier



JUST PLAIN CAT

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

**I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.**

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addressees, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and fifty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in March. Of these, 219 were in schools of Rhode Island; 97 in schools of Texas; 85 in schools of Massachusetts; 65 in schools of Georgia; 46 in schools of South Carolina; 40 in schools of Canada; 33 in schools of Virginia; 29 in schools of Washington; 11 each in schools of Pennsylvania and Florida; five in schools of Tennessee; four in schools of Syria; two each in schools of Delaware, Illinois and Minnesota, and one each in schools of Maine, New York, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 161,429.

### SCHOOLS RAPIDLY ORGANIZED

THE Superintendent of schools of Bellingham, Washington, gave permission to Mrs. M. E. A. Richard to organize Bands of Mercy whenever called upon. Up to date, she reports five of the buildings fully organized. There are thirty-seven Bands of Mercy and two Junior Humane Societies. Bands of Mercy are organized in the lower grades and Junior Humane Societies in the seventh and eighth grades. The latter grades have departmental organization, in which the delegate body idea appeals strongly.

The work is carried on under a committee for humane education of the Central Council of the Parent-Teacher Association. This committee has prepared a workable "Program for the Year" and also "Helps in Carrying out the Order of Business," which are so practicable that we commend them to similar organizations everywhere. Those interested to receive copies should apply to Mrs. M. E. A. Richard, 1515 J Street, Bellingham, Wash.

A committee from the Whatcom County Humane Society co-operated in the plans for Be Kind to Animals Week. On Humane Sunday the clergy of the city preached special sermons. There were special programs with special speakers in all the schools. The Boy Scouts spoke at all the clubs of the city. They also spoke out in the county schools. The Scouts had a special program for each day. The Parent-Teacher Associations had special programs. Mayor Kellogg issued a proclamation. The merchants and theaters helped in the publicity. Cards were put in the windows of stores and slides were shown at the theaters. The press published articles. A poster display was on exhibit all through the week. These posters were made by the children in the schools under the supervision of the drawing supervisor and the teachers. The best ones were displayed by buildings in a balcony of a large new market just put up.

## Children Throng Police Station

But Come Voluntarily to Join Band of Mercy Started by Popular Patrolman



PATROLMAN GEORGE A. PATTEN AND OFFICERS OF HIS BAND OF MERCY, ORGANIZED IN STATION 3, EAST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

### THE STRANGER

FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

**I OFTEN** think about him there,  
Perched in my maple tree,  
The little owl who came to town  
And spent the day with me.

Upon a fungus shelf he sat—  
'Twas quite a royal seat—  
The old tree was his canopy,  
Beneath him ran the street.

And all day long on business bent  
Men traveled up and down;  
The grinding truck, the clanking chain,  
The traffic of the town.

I wondered what he thought of it,  
Secure upon his shelf;  
He weighed his judgments carefully,  
But kept them to himself.

As dusk closed in he stretched a wing,  
Then, in the dim, gray light,  
I saw him gliding silently  
Away across the night.

I often look, but find him not  
Back in my maple tree,  
That little owl who stopped in town  
And spent the day with me.

### ODD !

**GOD** made, they say, ten thousand races,  
With fins or wings or beaks or faces.  
And from them all He chose and blest  
A certain species He liked best.

To me it seems a little odd  
And just a trifle hard on God,  
That those alone He chose as best  
Should eagerly destroy the rest!

JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY in *The Forum*

ONE of the liveliest Bands of Mercy ever organized in Massachusetts is that started by Patrolman George A. Patten of Station 3, Cambridge. He is shown in the picture with Vincent Errichitti, captain, and Francis Desmond, secretary of the new organization, which numbers more than 200 boys and girls of the East Cambridge district. Officer Patten has the hearty support of his colleagues at Station 3 and of the schools in the vicinity in his efforts to interest the children in kindness to animals. In two months the members brought to the station fifty dogs and cats in need of treatment. The movement is spreading to other sections of the city, until it is quite the vogue for the boys and girls there to wear the badge of the Band of Mercy.

Officer Patten says that years ago the East Cambridge district was covered with birds of many varieties, but now they number very few. "I have instructed the boys and girls in the Band of Mercy to save their bread crumbs and feed them to the birds with the result that bird life may be attracted to this part of the city where it is needed. The success of the boys may be manifested by the fact that on one day fourteen stray dogs were rounded up and brought to the station, from which they were put into the hands of the Animal Rescue League." The officer himself sees that the necessary supplies for the work are obtained from the headquarters of the Band of Mercy at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

### NEW BANDS IN WILMINGTON

TWELVE new Bands of Mercy, with a membership of 540 children, were organized recently in Wilmington, Delaware. These Bands hold regular weekly meetings, and during Be Kind to Animals Week had a full program for an entire week's celebration. Mrs. Herbert W. Fox is responsible for the interest which has been created.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Courtesy of New York Evening Graphic

HAPPY PLAYMATES

## MOTHER MOUSE SAVES HER FAMILY

ETTA M. MORSE

ONE day last summer while cleaning out a small chicken house, I lifted a board and found beneath it, a little nest of feathers and straw, containing eight very tiny baby mice. The little mother was with them, but in a flash had scurried away to safety through a hole in the back of the chicken house.

Of course I knew the practical thing to do was to kill the young ones and set a trap for the old one, but I am not fond of killing, and besides I was curious to see how the mother mouse would meet this emergency in her family life; so I quickly went outside the coop and looked in through a knot hole, keeping very quiet.

In less than a minute the old mouse flashed back through the hole from which she had gone away. She was frantic with alarm and anxiety upon finding her home uncovered and her young in danger, and ran wildly back and forth a time or two. Then she found the nest, and instantly seizing one babe in her mouth, rushed out with it.

I could not see where she went, but in less time than it takes to tell of it, she was back after another little one. She

carried out three of them, then gathered up a mouthful of bedding and whisked out with that, probably thinking it dangerous for the children to lie uncovered.

Then the other five were carried away, one after the other, in the greatest haste.

I noticed that the little mice kept very stiff and straight as they were being carried, like little sticks, and the mother mouse did not carry them by the back of the neck, as a cat carries her kittens. She took them up by whatever part was handiest—a hind leg, a front leg, a shoulder, or back.

To me it was a very interesting little incident, showing this humble little mother's God-given love for her helpless little ones, and the promptness and efficiency with which she rescued them from their perilous situation.

## MY GIRL

GERALDINE E. LYSTER

UNTIL just lately a brindled pup,  
Now most important and quite grown up,  
She gambols 'round underneath my feet  
Looking for toys, and for things to eat.  
"Though busy, I've always time," says she,  
"To enjoy my dinner, likewise my tea."

Of toys she possesses a goodly store,  
They're scattered thickly on ev'ry floor;  
Hearth brushes and shoes, and bits of string,  
Waste-paper baskets turned outside in,  
"I don't know what you're to do," says she,  
"Except to romp and to play with me."

And when she fancies a little rest  
She looks to see what will suit her best;  
There're nice soft cushions and easy chairs  
And a fluffy mat just below the stairs,  
"But where I like best to sleep," says she,  
"Is curled up snugly upon your knee."

If something gives her a tiny fright  
She knows a petting will put it right.  
If feeling queer, or a wee bit sick,  
To seek assistance she scampers quick,  
"It's handy to have someone near," says she,  
"Who understands my anatomy."

It matters not the proverbial "cuss"  
If proud Rolls Royce, or if humble bus,  
Or boat, or railway should bear her far  
From the home where her cherished treasures are.  
"For I don't care where I go," says she,  
"As long as I go in your company."

My dear little faithful, trustful friend,  
May all life's blessing on you descend,  
May the coming years, with their sorrows, tread  
Most lightly over your tiny head.  
"One thing I know, and know well," says she,  
"It's that I love you, and that you love me."

It is our first duty to be kind to all, especially to the helpless.

## DISCIPLINE AMONG STORKS

MRS. JULIE WEILL

STRASBURG in Alsace is a fortified city; it therefore has moats outside of its ramparts. On account of these moats and swamps, where there is always stagnant water, storks have made their home in this city in great numbers. Those waters hold toads, frogs, eels and many other amphibious creatures that offer them nourishment. The old chimneys also offer a good warm site, and on top of them the storks build their big nests. They generally come in April from South Africa and settle for about six or seven months, leaving again in September for Africa. Sometimes they come back to their old nests, if winter ravages have not destroyed them.

When they wish to build, they circle above the houses to select a site. If one or the other finds what he thinks is a favorable spot, he calls his mate. He does that by standing on the top of the chimney selected. He throws back his long neck and, with his head flat on the back, opens his long bill and closes it sharply, producing a noise as if two sticks of wood were forcefully clapped together. He keeps that up until he gets an answer from his mate. The wonderful thing about it all is that each bird can distinguish his own mate.

Then they inspect and talk the matter over while circling over the selected spot. If satisfied, they come to build their nest.

After the eggs are laid, while hatching them, they sit alternately on them, never leaving them exposed to the cold, and, as a rule, obtain results. Before long one can see from two to four—five are exceptional—young birds sticking their bare heads out, asking for food.

So they live all summer with nobody disturbing them. A severe punishment for hurting these birds or their nests is meted out by the government. Very likely this custom is still derived from olden superstitious times. But also because the birds are really beloved. Alsace cannot imagine itself without its storks!

About four weeks before they were to fly South, I heard, very early in the morning, a peculiar noise, and my husband, who was born in Strasburg, said to me: "Quick, get up and let us go out." He knew what was coming.

When we came to the swamps, we found a strange but very interesting sight. The storks were coming from all directions, alighting on one meadow. It took some time, during which the biggest birds would call continuously in the same manner mentioned before.

When all were together—and, queerly enough, they seemed to know their number—the big old stork began to range them in lines, absolutely like soldiers in a review. The big birds—there were four of them—were marching up and down in front of the others, picking here and there, until they had their lines in order to their full satisfaction.

Now, after a sharp screech of the four in front, all the birds threw their breasts out as far as they could. A very strange scene began, especially for one who saw it for the first time, like myself.

The big birds actually held a review, but, after passing along the line once, while coming back, they struck every bird as hard as they could in the breast, and they repeated this three times. The fourth time they passed slowly and, once in a while, pushed one out of the line, backwards.

A signal! By clapping their bills and after what seemed a great talk amongst themselves,

those that had been pushed back were excluded. They arose and, with a great noise, flew away.

The four big birds held counsel; the remaining birds looked very solemn. They had not tried to follow the others, they knew they had to stay where called and gathered, but they were put in line again by their superiors.

And now came the crucial moment! All but the two who were allowed to fly were stabbed in the breast by the big bills of those great powerful birds and killed! But although they knew their fate, there was no shrinking. They stood bravely to meet death! By the will and decision of their superiors, they died. It was not cruelty that prompted the killing, it was pity!

By the examination of the big birds it was proved that those killed would have been too weak to stand the long travel to Africa and they would not leave them behind to starve and die from exposure, fatigue and hunger.

## IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

NEW life has come to the Humane Society in Augusta, Georgia, which was reorganized with W. Edward Platt, president, and Dr. Sophia D. Davis, field representative. Provision has been made for the reporting and investigating of all cases of cruelty to animals.

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## GOVERNOR WEEKS OF VERMONT

IN a statement issued by Governor John E. Weeks of Vermont, indorsing Be Kind to Animals Week, he said:—

"I would like to see the teachers in all our schools designate one day in the week as Humane Day when the children can be allowed to pause and seriously think of their helpless but kind friends of the animal kingdom. Nothing would appeal more strongly to the finer instincts of our youth or conduce more to character building."

The Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society of Woodstock led in the celebration in the Green Mountain state.

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